could establish nothing, and have induced posterity to accept these fantasies as something serious and true, with this abominable lie as their final trump-card: that faith Is worth more than knowledge. What we need now in regard to these ultimate things is not knowledge as against faith, but indifference as against faith and pretended knowledge In these matters! —Everything must lie nearer to us than what has hitherto been preached to us as the most important thing, I mean the questions : " What end does man serve ?" " What is his fate after death ? " " How does he make his peace with God ?" and all the rest of that bag of tricks. The problems of the dogmatic philosophers, be they Idealists, materialists, or realists, concern us as little as do these religious questions. They all have the same object in view — to force us to a decision in matters where neither faith nor knowledge Is needed. It is better even for the most ardent lover of knowledge that the territory open to investigation and to reason should be encircled by a belt of fog-laden, treacherous marshland, a strip of ever watery, Impenetrable, and Indeterminable country. It is just by the comparison with the realm of darkness on the edge of the world of knowledge that the bright, accessible region of that world rises In value.—We must once more become good friends of the "everyday matters," and not, as hitherto, despise them and look beyond them at clouds and monsters of the night. In forests and caverns, in marshy tracts and under dull skies, on the lowest rungs of the ladder of culture, man has lived for aeons, and lived in poverty. There he has learnt to despise the present, his neighbours,